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As he his peer had been :
But his gaunt frame was worn with toil,
His cheek was sunk, *alas the while !*
And when he struggled at a smile,
His eye look'd haggard wild.

With this conductor Matmion leaves the castle, and, after a recital of the ceremonies attending his departure, particularized in a manner that would have done honour to Scudery himself, the canto closes.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A short and Easy Method with the Deists, wherein the certainty of the Christian Religion is demonstrated, by infallible proof, from four Rules, which are incompatible to any imposture that ever has been, or that can possibly be ; in a letter to a friend. By the Rev. Charles Leslie, Esq. p.p. 44. Reprinted by D. Anderson, B.lfast, 1808.

THE reprinting of works of merit must afford great pleasure to every true friend of learning, and should always be encouraged. We are happy in finding that the author whose compositions once gratified us, is again introduced to our notice. It is like meeting an old friend with a new face. We renew our enjoyment by the perusal of pages, which ensure the certainty of improvement. Like the revisiting of scenes in which we once delighted, we feel the double pleasure of reviving the recollections of the past, and enjoying in others the repetition of that admiration which we ourselves once experienced when the view first presented itself to our eye gilded with all the charms of novelty.

The short treatise before us is the production of a once celebrated divine ; and of itself would tend, as far as so short an essay could, to prove the merit of the writer. It is a concise and clear argument in favour of the truth of Christianity, given, as is intimated, at the instance of a friend, who wished, without being led into a labyrinth of controversies, to have one single proof to oppose the attacks of its adversaries. This the writer does in a masterly manner. He establishes the truth of the matters of fact relative to our Saviour, by four rules which can never unite in an imposture ; and thence naturally deduces the truth of the doctrines. But though we think his method good, and his arguments strong, we are not inclined to think that this or any such treatise can answer the purpose for which it was written. "For though," to use his own

words, "every truth is one, and therefore one reason for it, if it be the true reason must be sufficient, yet our sight is so feeble, that we cannot always come to it directly, but by many inferences, and laying of things together." These inferences and deductions are each a separate argument, to be handled by itself, which must inevitably lead the inquirer into that variety of discussion which it was his wish to avoid by the discovery of one single proof.

To this one reason he subjoins some additional collateral proofs, and from them draws several conclusions, some of which we would be inclined to scrutinize, did not our plan prevent us from entering upon any thing which savours of controversy.

In a word, though this tract cannot supersede the necessity of larger treatises to those who wish to be thoroughly acquainted with the proofs of Christianity, it may serve as a useful guide to beginners to direct the train of their studies, and will give satisfaction to the minds of such as are not inclined to dive more deeply into this subject.

The Twelve, a Poem, in three Cantos. Dublin, Printed by Thomas Burnside, 1808. p.p. 55. Price, 2s. 6d.

THIS is a satirical poem on our Irish Judges. Three or four are praised, the others are in different degrees censured. Of the applicableness of the praise or the censure, we acknowledge ourselves, from our provincial situation, and our defective acquaintance with forensic pursuits, disqualified from judging. We take up the poem as a literary work, and, in this point of view, we venture to offer some remarks. We regret the present state of the printing art in Dublin ; it is low indeed. They labour under some disadvantages, but they too readily sink under discouragements, and find an excuse for their want of exertion, in a complaint of the evils of the Union.

This whining complaint is heard every where in Dublin. Like the countryman whose cart stuck fast in the mud, and who complained of the badness of the roads, and vainly called on Hercules for help, they content themselves with declaiming against the Union, and neglect those habits of individual exertion, by which only their situation can be bettered. Let them print better—let them make the printing trade respectable—and energy